THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

The stage I chuse, a subject fair and free;
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis publick property.

CHURCHILL.

NO species of writing appears better calculated to produce good effects than the dramatick. That vice as resulting from the tyranny of a solitary passion, or from the combination of many unruly ones, has been well exhibited; the immortal works of Shakspeare alone are ample proof; his imitations have been always displayed in a natural and masterly manner, and are admirably adapted to support and promote the cause of truth and virtue, and to discourage vice. The comick productions of the two last centuries, including the inimitable volumes of Moliere, prove that mankind may as easily be laughed out of their follies, as terrified from the commission of crimes. Works of both these discriptions are of sterling value; for I have no doubt whatever that the just representations of those violent and bad passions which afford matter for Shakspeare's more prominent tragedies, will have more efficacy in guarding against the improper issues of the heart, than the most solemn discourse of the learned divine, or the clearest deductions of the metaphysician.

These performances have been analysed with an accuracy which prove them to be founded in pure unsophisticated nature, and capable of exciting interest as long as men shall continue to exist; but in bestowing this merited compliment upon our great author, we are led to contrast, still more to his advantage, several productions of his immediate successors, which appear compounds of inconsistency and unnatural action, and calculated to produce in the admirers of the former, only emotions of disgust. Yet these performances have acquired a reputation and popularity that would appear unaccountable, and derogatory to the good taste of those who have had better models, and have induced us to examine some of them as minutely as may be in our power. The name of Rowe is classed with those of his countrymen who have secured a niche in the temple of Fame; or in other words, his works are handed down to us in the British collections, whether theatrical or poetical. Garrick too, whose good taste has revived many performances of merit, has chosen the character of LOTHARIO for frequent exhibition. Whatever may be the merits of Jane Shore and the Pharsalia, it shall be the business of this essay to prove that his FAIR PENITENT is a work destitute of any excellence but the smoothness of the versification; with the exception of two characters, which, though well drawn, are only subsidiary: I mean those of Horatio and his wife—qualifications by no means competent to suffice for the want of common sense and common propriety, so conspicuous, and characteristical of its pages.

I propose to examine separately the three characters who were intended to excite the principal interest in the plot: this I conceive to be the most methodical manner by which the defects can be pointed out.

Calista, the heroine of the piece, is the daughter of a venerable Genoese noble, whose persuasions and wishes have induced her to become the wife of an accomplished young nobleman, (Altamont) whose love appears to be extravagant and unbounded. The celebration of their nuptials have scarcely commenced, when we perceive strong appearances of disorder and unhappiness in the mind of Calista. Her heart seems torn with boisterous passions, and she is no sooner married than she repents. We are astonished to find tears and coldness instead of the endearments due to her husband; and it is not long before the dialogue between Lothario and his friend, explains the enigma, and discovers the frailty and treachery of the fair one. The author in this description of her loss of honour has exerted all his powers to make it as luscious as possible; and the honied verse more aggravatingly shews that Alta-

mont is the doating husband of a woman devoid of honour and of heart for him; that he has not only been grossly deceived in the first instance, but is perpetually insulted by unceasing aversion and repeated instances of infidelity. By accident her base conduct is discovered by the friend of Altamont, who in the attempt to remonstrate with her, brings upon himself all the virulence of a high tempered and abandoned woman, in consequence of whose false representations he loses the friendship of the man whose cause he was pleading, and the lives of both are hazarded.

The interview between Lothario and Calista in her bedchamber, detected by Altamont, at length opens his eyes; her disgrace is soon publickly known—and after a rhapsody of very little interest, without a sign of real repentance that I can perceive, she commits suicide by the command of her father.

What, let me ask, results from the delineation of such a character? It appears devoid of nature: How different the interest excited by Shakspeare's Macbeth, Othello, Richard, and Lear? With all the exuberance of passion, of ambition, jealousy, and unbounded sensibility, nature is never overstrained. The consequences of their indulgence are natural and just; still are they so finely blended and chequered with estimable and noble qualities, that we can bestow the tear of regret and compassion, though we applaud the vengeance of Heaven. There is nothing incongruous in these characters to destroy our interest in them. Love is a powerful passion, and frequently spurns at all opposition, where propriety in its indulgence is not abused, as is most prominently the case with Calista. It is true, Prior has drawn in Emma (a lovely portrait otherwise) the picture of a female meanly supplicating the lover who tells her she is rivalled in his affections by another. This appears so unnatural to Johnson, that profound critick, that he condemns it in strong terms. Yet Emma's conduct, in every other instance, was truly feminine and amiable; and her pride or delicacy had not been insulted by the deceptions of seduction and betrayed by a vain-glorious boaster to the world. Yet after such injuries, does Calista put herself again in the power of her seducer, tho' married to Altamont. She therefore excites no pity or interest, (*although a fair penitent.*) Married to the man she detests; insulted by her betrayer; commanded by her father to destroy herself; her heart torn with the conflicting passions of shame, love, and despair; it might have been supposed that under such accumulation of punishment, the spectators or readers would feel a deep interest in her fate. The fact is otherwise. Disgust occupies the mind to the exclusion of every other emotion. Or rather the character is so very unlikely and unnatural, that we are scarcely affected by it at all. I say it is unnatural, for under her circumstances she should not have married; or if she determined to do so, with the intention, as it appears, to mortify Lothario for his neglect, why not dissemble her passion for him and dislike to Altamont?

Thus, though the most prominent person, she does not contribute towards producing any effect of consequence.

We next come to the examination of Lothario's conduct; and I believe few people of common understanding will differ in their judgment upon it. This is the gallant, gay Lothario, for whom the high-minded Calista sacrificed honour, happiness, and life; and who all the while mocked and ridiculed her to herself and friend, and handed her name to publick infamy, that he might be revenged upon his enemy, who had become her husband. It would be a difficult thing to sketch a more disgraceful and more contemptible wretch than this vile deluder. With the same breath that he acquaints his friend with his success in her seduction, he triumphantly and unfeelingly derides and insults her distraction and offers of matrimony. He abuses her confidence in him by the most impudent and boasting disclosure of their whole connection to his bitter enemy and the intimate friend of her husband; and the provocation was, that because he shunned her she gave her hand to Altamont. It is true we have heard of seductions, and the intrigues of some who we believe were fools enough to emulate the gay Lothario in such gallantry and courage as his; but their villany was so artfully disguised, that our delicacy is not so immediately shocked. This fellow proves himself a rascal one minute, that he may boast of it the next, in opposition to those feelings which must have actuated him to the attachment, and to that delicacy which the most scurvy seducer in real life would have observed in a case where so much beauty and confidence had been bestowed. It must be confessed that such unnatural conduct can be only equalled by the downright profligacy and meanness of his mistress; who, after all that passed after the conjugal tie had connected her with another, declares, in answer to the remonstrances of her confidant, that she must and will again see him; and for this sapient reason—"My genius drives me on." So might a highway-man say when he presents his pistol. And again we have this confession—

"I swear I could not see again the dear betrayer
"Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
"But my relenting heart would pardon all,
"And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me."

The rashness of Lothario (his other prominent quality, for the author has completely made him a fine gentleman by *quantum sufficit* of what he calls gallantry and courage) cannot be honoured with the name of courage. It is impudence in support of his baseness, and has more the appearance of the swaggering bully than the courageous gentleman.

I have no doubt but that many a silly would-be-buck thinks such bravery most worthy of imitation, and sighs for an opportunity to prove, in the presence of some admiring fair one, that they are

> ...Ready for love or war by turns, by day and night...
> That little preparation serves their turn,
> Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

Surely the magick of elegant versification must be powerful indeed, that can give an imposing aspect to sentiments which, when turned into plain English, and stripped of their disguise, excite no other emotions than disgust and indignation for the hero of the play, and confirmed contempt for his mistress.

The last character of this drama is a very singular one indeed. Before I proceed further, I would ask those who we will suppose to have read the foregoing remarks, whether they do not already feel a sympathy for the unfortunate situation in which this doating husband is placed; whether they do not suppose the poet meant, that the whole interest of the piece should consist in compassion for his sufferings, and pleasure in the merited punishment of his wife and Lothario? When this character is studied no such feelings will be excited.

Throughout the whole play we behold in him nothing but a weak, fawning, and blind lover; too blind or too stupid to notice the profound hatred and dislike which Calista unceasingly shews him, and so thoughtless in the face of all this conduct, as to quarrel with his best friend for only telling him what any other person with his experience would have already suspected.

His complaints to her father the day after marriage, of her coldness and unaccountable conduct, seems to be obviated without much difficulty, by some silly remarks of the old man upon "the cozenage of the sex." Shortly after, when he accuses herself of her "frowns and sadness," she replies—

> .....I tell thee, Altamont,
> Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above.
> Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
> Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.

And yet immediately after this confession he wants to run his friend Horatio through the body, because he accounts for this otherwise incomprehensible conduct.

In short, he may be accused not only of a meanness and blindness totally unpardonable in the noble Altamont, of whom Sciolto speaks in such lavish terms in the opening of the piece; but of a behaviour most palpably unnatural and unlikely for the lover, to whom "trifles light as air" are "damning proofs." And when we contrast the manly and dignified conduct of Horatio with his injustice and stupidity, we are reconciled to whatever may happen.

From what has been said, the general tenour of this production may be discovered; as to its tendency, my powers are unable to find out. What virtue is particularly inculcated, or what vicious passion discountenanced, is not discernible, at least with effect; for how can either the one or the other be the consequence, when the characters are so extremely incongruous and unnatural. True sympathy or terrour are only excited by true distress or criminality, agreeably to what we conceive of nature. They can never be called forth by such characters as are here exhibited. Notwithstanding all the borrowed aid of funereal pomp, and bones and relicks, calculated to inspire an awe and melancholy, to which the play is inadequate; we cannot avoid being shocked at the strange proposal of the father to the daughter to commit suicide. The scene is not laid in the days of Virginius—and a christian audience would rather have looked for the cloistered convent, or recluse situation, where atonement might be made by repentant sighs and tears.

I have been thus particular in examining the FAIR PENITENT, because it has ever held, and still holds, a place on the stage, in defiance of common sense, and perhaps for bad purposes. When such men as Garrick and Cooper, (for the latter actually played the character not long ago in Philadelphia) contribute their powers to the representation of the gallant, gay Lothario, there is some danger that our young ladies, by falling in love with the "dear deceiver," may produce not a few imitators, to the great detriment and nuisance of plain every-day society; who would wish to content themselves with examples of less brilliancy and heroism. A

> *A generous friendship no cold medium knows,*
> *Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;*
> *One should our interest and our passions be:*
> *My friend should hate the man that injures me.*
>
> POPE.

A recent conversation I heard, tending to depreciate friendship, has induced me to turn my thoughts to the subject. I had no opportunity at the moment of conveying my sentiments; but as the remarks led to the annihilation of a feeling which is second to none in the due esti-

mate of the gratifications and pleasures of life, I have thought it will neither misemploy my time, or prove unamusing to your readers, if I can place this virtue upon its true and real foundation. The definition must be first adjusted, and it occurs to me the one assigned by Addison is competent to answer my purpose. "Friendship" (to use his own words) "is a strong and habitual in-"clination in two persons to promote the *good* and *happi*-"*ness* of one another." If this is correct, it is too great a satire upon human nature to deny its existence. Annul it, and I will ask, Where are the gratifications of life? what is the value of existence? what its boasted pleasures? what but friendship can prove a succedaneum for its pains? Impartially weighed, the experience of every individual must prove its reality. No one can deliberately avow, that in some moments he has not experienced the solace of comfort: that solace must in the hour of trial have proceeded from a friend. It is this which dignifies human nature; and cancel this feeling, I know nothing valuable in life. Existence, abstractedly considered, is the mere privilege of breathing; an advantage of little estimation, if mind is separated. Surely no human being can have arrived at maturity, without experiencing a sense of its joys. Whether in illness, adversity, or danger, all must avow (or hard has been their fate) that trying as their situation has been, friendship has lent her fostering and cheering hand. It has been remarked by Thomson,

"If misfortune comes, she brings along
"The bravest virtues, and so many great
"Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
"Have in her school been taught, as are enough
"To consecrate distress, and make ambition
"E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune."

Nothing can be more obvious than that whilst the poet was indulging his fervid imagination, he contemplated the pleasure arising from friendship, or his fabrick would fall to the ground. Miserable must that individual be, who, schooled in adversity, has not experienced the advantage of an interposing friend. I do not believe, from my knowledge of human nature, such a character exists. Scripture inculcates the example, in the attachment between David and Jonathan, and our blessed Saviour dignified it by the emotions he felt in raising Lazarus, and his fondness for his favourite disciple John.

It may be worth while to examine if this feeling is properly understood, and whether those who depreciate it comprehend the principle. As an individual I am not *in foro conscientiæ* bound to be a friend to every acquaintance, neither does there exist any pressing obligation to serve with my fortune and my life every claimant. Insulated as every human being is, there are few who have claims upon either, but when the instance occurs, there are numberless proofs upon record to exalt the principle. One fact is sufficient, and it will bear out my position.

Those acquainted with English history will recollect the hard fate of Lord Russel, who, found guilty contrary to the existing laws, of high treason, and unmercifully condemned, was upon the evening prior to his execution visited by his friend, who nobly offered to exchange cloathes, and take his fate. This friend was Southampton.

In our estimate of human nature it is too often the gloomy side that presents itself, and too many exist that have experienced the bitters, rather than the delights. In this idea I am not certain of being quite correct, as it must be recollected that pain leaves a longer impression than pleasure. Take, for instance, the retrospect of a year; recollection points immediately to an act of ingratitude, a painful operation, the death of a relative, the adversity of a friend; and the bright side is completely out of view. A more accurate investigation would, I am persuaded, eradicate these emotions in the recal of friendly notice and solace.

Let us consider for one moment the libel we cast upon human nature in repelling the existence of friendship. Can man be so depraved as to possess none but a selfish feeling? Do I estimate no individual separate from a sordid view? Are esteem and love completely annihilated? Can I conceive no man competent and magnanimous enough to confer an obligation without the expectation of remuneration? The experience of every one nullifies the idea. It is too common to argue from the abuse of a principle, but candour occasionally interposes, and renders justice. Were the maxim correct, it would strike at the delights of connubial life, where friendship exerts its highest power. Surely this is the best ingredient in matrimony; and very little knowledge of the world is wanted to idolize the female sex for the attachment borne to their husbands. I may be told, it is the intervention of another feeling, and that love is the cement: it may be true to a certain extent; but let the fervour of youth wear off, and assuredly it becomes sacred friendship.

I much wish some abler pen would discuss this subject. The few remarks made are sufficient to convince an impartial individual, that, without friendship, life has no joys; and the same impartiality will, by a recurrence to past feelings, prove its fostering hand has been extended to every one in some period of their lives.

CRITO.

Harford, January, 1805.

Mr. Easy,

"The following verses were written by that noted personage Lord Talbot, who fled from society, and secluded himself as a hermit in the cave of Mount Arrarat, on the eastern shore of the river Susquehannah. In this forlorn situation he resided a number of years. But was at length discovered. The following lines, which were intrusted to his bosom friend, were then made known. They were written before he took refuge in the cave, and controvert the truth of a charge of murder attributed to him."

They have been lately found in the scattered remains of an old Magazine, which is perhaps the only surviving evidence of their ever having been written. By this discovery they are rescued from oblivion. And I hope you will grant Lord Talbot the justice, and me the satisfaction, of giving them, and the above quotation from the same Magazine concerning them, publicity in the literary Companion.

TYRO.

In my pilgrimage here I was wrong'd,
Too, too oft for one mortal to bear;
For revenge I was never inclin'd,
As christians who knew me declare.

Man's actions in pain I survey'd,
When retracing past scenes of my life;
Over them I can ne'er cast a shade,
And will now bid adieu to his strife.

I'll fly from Deception's vile tongue,
The fell curse so destructive to all;
Unannoy'd, I'll be happy alone,
When I my past actions recall.

Near to Rockland in prospect so sweet,
In the cave of mount Ararat's side,
There I will fix my permanent seat,
Then in none but my dog I'll confide.

By wielding the axe I'll have wood
To broil me my minims to eat;
The leaves of the forest my bed,
On which I will lie down and sleep.

While there from the world I remain,
I wish but Narcissa to view;
And then we shall smile with disdain,
Man's pride and his follies to shew.

From Moir's Discourses on some of the most striking circumstances in the present phenomena of the world, the presumption of human ignorance is thus judiciously and pertinently reproved.

What are we, the creatures of a day, who cannot command a thought, or a breath, protract for a moment, the brief span of life, know not the hearts of others, or even our own, recollect little of the past, and foresee less of the future, that we should affect to fathom the depth of infinite wisdom, or comprehend the works of omnipotence! Is there not something highly ridiculous, not to speak of its impiety, in applying artificial proportion to immensity, adjusting the fabric of the universe by rules of human architecture, and measuring eternity by the regulations of time? But even of this extreme absurdity, are they not all more or less guilty, who think of understanding the Almighty, or searching him out by their puny capacities: or, indeed, who question the reality and existence of whatever they cannot satisfactorily analyse. Among the greatest and meanest of all the objects, with which our senses are most conversant, which of them do we fully understand?—Wherever we turn our eyes, or fix our attention, all our strongest faculties of investigation are defeated, and clouds of darkness for ever impervious to human ingenuity, bound our prospect, and bar enquiry. This we know, that the simplest substance is susceptible of endless modification. And the acutest reasoners among those who contest the mysteries of revelation, will not find it easy to shew why three persons may not possess one essence, while they acknowledge the light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the stars, to be substantially one and the same. But leaving useless abstraction to feed the rage of licentious speculation; instead of uttering words, without knowledge from a consciousness of much ignorance and imperfection; let us be content humbly to adore the intricacies of grace, as well as of nature, which it is not competent for us to unravel, and regard with silent gratitude and cordial acquiescence, the profound œconomy of Providence, neither revealed to gratify curiosity, nor hidden to tempt indiscretion.

The following spirited and just remarks on the Policy of Religion, cannot fail to please the reader.

Where shall we look for the genuine exertions of true magnanimity and public spirit, but under the manly and divine auspices of a rational and sublime piety? By whom were men originally reclaimed from a wandering and destitute state, like sheep without a shepherd, and a prey to the rapacity of monsters and of one another? By whom have all wise and salutary governments been instituted, the most equitable laws enacted, property most effectually secured, justice most impartially dispensed, and peace with all its happiest concomitants most anxiously cultivated? By whom hath all that unites, adorns and elevates the species, rids them of their greatest miseries, and raises them to the most enviable condition, been acquired with

most labour or improved to the highest pitch, brought most home to the necessities of the lowest and least informed, purchased at most expense, or stamped with most value? By whom are covenants least violated, promises best kept, oaths deemed most sacred, the inocent surest of protection, injured merit of redress, the wronged of relief, and the suffering and timid of sympathy and shelter? By whom is private ease and even life, fortune, and the dearest friends most readily relinquished, or even soonest sacrificed for the safety or welfare of the community?

Are any of those great minds who have reformed the world or civilized mankind, or made their names illustrious by their patriotism, their talents, or their virtues, promoting the glory of their country, guarding the constitution under which they lived, or defending the laws of the land where they were born and bred, against domestick faction or foreign invasion; noted for atheism or want of religion?

Is this the cast of character by which those are destinguished, who in all ages have been most celebrated and admired for that noble enthusiasm which cultivates and extends all the best privileges of society, and renders every thing subservient to general advantage, and by whose tender, preserving, and generous concern for publick good, arts and sciences have flourished, property and commerce increased, industry and success prevailed, and happiness and virtue triumphed?

VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF A TELL-TALE—AN EXTRACT.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop,
In vain,—the secret will run o'er at top.

NED TRUSTY is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating, by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing, a secret. He is also excellent at a doubtful phrase, as Hamlet calls it, or ambiguous giving out; and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken inuendos, as—"Well, I know—or I could—and if I would—or, if I list to speak—or, there be, and if there might," &c. Here he generally stops, and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

MEANWELL, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious intention to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself what he longs to publish to the world, and would gladly submit to the office of town-crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burden, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

CARELESS is, perhaps, equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or, perhaps, in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his taylor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat instead of a pompadour, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction, where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a secret.

To these one might add the character of the OPEN and UNRESERVED, who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the IMPERTINENT, who having, by dint of observation, made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But we shall leave these and many other characters, which our reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil—That no one may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

FROM BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

A kiss may certainly be innocent; as is the kiss of friendship, the kiss of sanctity, the kiss of ceremony, the vestal kiss of virgin modesty, the kiss of kind endearment, and the kiss of virtuous love; but the meretricious and heroick kiss, which we now condemn, is, as Xenophon observes, more infectious than the poison of the spider, and more destructive than the bite of the rattle-snake. It is true,

> The gilliflower and rose are not so sweet,
> As sugar'd kisses are when lovers meet:

but delightful, pleasant, and ambrosial, as they may be, such as Danæ gave to Jupiter, sweeter even than nectar, they leave a dangerous and destructive impression behind. The author of the life of John the Monk, who was a man of singular continency, and most austere life, has illustrated the fatality of this allurement, by a story, that the Devil, in the shape of a beautiful female, went one night to the cell of this virtuous hermit, and praying the shelter of his humble roof from the approaching storm, thanked him, by her salutations, with so warm a fervour, that his virtue was overcome. But when he attempted to disclose the passion she had inspired, the fiend assumed its native shape, and while she vanished into air, laughed him to scorn, and left him overwhelmed in all the agonizing horrours of remorse and shame. The story, however untrue it may be, furnishes an important lesson to the youthful mind, by teaching, that to resist danger, it is necessary, even in the most averse and sanctified souls, to avoid temptation. Of this danger, the virtuous Julian was so sensible, that he wore a long hirsute goatish beard, fit to make ropes with, in order, as he confessed, to prevent him from kissing.

LIBERALITY.

To bestow benefactions on a man who has merited his misfortunes by misconduct, is an abuse of charity! Such is the opinion of the unfeeling affluent, who, to be dispensed from succouring distress, always begin by enquiring if it cannot be attributed to imprudence. When they assert that relief is only to be extended to men of irreproachable character, their only intention is to save their money, without losing the esteem of those who do not take the trouble to examine whether avarice may not lurk under the appearance of equity. Doubtless the unfortunate have committed faults; but do these rigid judges endeavour, with equal solicitude, to ascertain whether their errours have not been expiated by their sufferings, and the sincerity of their repentance does not entitle them to mercy?

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

A COBLER'S END.

A great croud being gathered about a poor cobler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Geo. A. Stevens what was to be seen? Only a *cobler's end*, replied he.

I WILL SAVE YOU A THOUSAND POUNDS,

Says an Irishman to an old gentleman, if you don't stand in your own light. "How?"—"You have a daughter, and you intend to give her 10,000 pounds as a marriage portion."—"I do."—"Sir, I will take her with 9,000."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the conveniency of our city correspondents, they are respectfully informed that a letter-box is affixed to Messrs. Bonsals' window, on Market Street.

The remarks on Sleigh-driving are too serious for the subject. Insinuating or overbearing vices, and habitual follies, deserve severest censure; but a candid consideration obliges us to confess that we perceive no great impropriety in ladies taking the whip and reins in their hands, and giving way to a little frolicksome humour, while enjoying an amusement which seldom lasts many days in a season, and which every season does not afford. The style and talents of this writer are highly appreciated by us, and his essays on interesting subjects will ever be respectfully attended to.

CONFUCIUS shall appear in our next. He is requested to perform his promise.

While CRABTREE gravely complains of what makes other folks laugh, all we can do is to laugh also.

The TRAVELLER'S observations are too confined, we had much rather publish any of his general remarks on life and manners. Animadversions on the conduct of a few, in a small place, are too particular, and have too much the appearance of personal allusion.

Several poetical effusions have been received, and will have a place when there is room to accommodate them.

Several prose *pieces* have also been received—we will not call them *compositions*, for we discover nothing in them but that their authors have been taught to write and read; but till they can write plainer hands, and spell better English, we cannot welcome them as our *companions*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The subscribers to the Companion are respectfully informed that, from having had many *files* broken, by supplying gentlemen a second time, the Publishers have concluded to charge 12½ cents for each number hereafter replaced.

We insert the following, that Constantius may have his retort upon Solus, who begun the attack; but no more of this personal skirmishing will be allowed.

TO SOLUS.

In search of wit some lose their common sense,
And then turn criticks in their own defence. POPE.

Whether a Christian Turk or Jew,
A poet fam'd, or poet new,
Or whether you're some idle elf,
Who conjures nonsense by himself—
Excuse the freedom I may take,
It is indeed for your own sake;
And, if some good advice I give,
Believe me tis that *you may live*.
The God of love, in some gay hour
Has in a freak essay'd his pow'r,
But finding you without a heart,
Or finding it defied his art,
Enrag'd, he aim'd a poison'd arrow,
(And, as *you* know the pate is shallow)
It pierc'd the seat where reason reigns,
And rankling there it still remains.
The poison thence may've found the part
You call " your gizzard or your heart,"
And there have caus'd an aching pain,
Of which you'd reason to complain.
From hence kind Sir, it will be found,
Your head, not heart, receiv'd the wound.
Your case I clearly understand,
And my advice you may command:
Receive it then as I am able,
And read it in this little fable.
Once on a time, when nature gay,
Flourish'd in the bloom of May,
She bade the flow'rs their sweets disclose,
And breath'd her fragrance on the rose;
Then call'd the feather'd choir to sing,
And celebrate the charms of spring.
The *Baltimore*, with mellow throat,
And Mocking-bird with varied note,
The Lark and Linnet, too were there;
At nature's voice they all repair.
Among the rest the Turtle-dove,
So fam'd for constancy in love.
He pour'd his pleasing pensive strain,
And did of slighted love complain;
His heart, he said, averse to change,
Could not to other females range;
And beg'd permission there to tell,
The charms of her he lov'd so well.
His love-lorn tale he so express'd
As touch'd each sympathetick breast;
When straight a Jack-daw, proud and vain,
More so than all the singing train,
Presum'd the dove to ridicule,
And all but call'd the songster fool.
Although to *wit* he'd no pretence,
And in his song, scarce *common sense*,
In measures bad and harshest note,
Thus murmer'd discord in his throat.
" Why! what is here! why this ado,
" Such silly stuff I never knew.
" If you love's darts cannot defy,
" I'm sure 'tis better far to die:
" Let snare or gun decide the strife,
" And end at once your wretched life."
" Poor bird!" the peaceful Dove replied,
" Perhaps 'twere better thou hadst died;
" For he, who love's anguish never knew,
" Must sure escape its pleasures too:
" And in so black, so hard a heart,
" What gen'rous passion bears a part?
" The good, the brave, the wise, the great,
" Have all at times confess'd my state;
" Have own'd the soft captivity,
" And learn'd to love as well as I."
The feather'd band around the grove,
Then struck the charming chords to love:
The Daw they spurn'd with just disdain,
And hiss'd indignant from the plain.
The moral; Sir, I recommend,
And naught but good to you intend:
But if you ridicule and laugh,
You'll not be worth an epitaph.

A SONNET TRANSLATED FROM JACOBI.

Tell me where's the vi'let fled,
Late so gaily blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing?
Swains the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more.

Say where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows,
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid the summer's fled,
And the hopeless Rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing;
Wat'ring many a daffodil,
On its margin glowing—
Sun and wind exhaust its store,
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditty chanting—
Hail and storm with fury show'rs,
Leafless mourn the rifled bow'rs!

Say where hides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning?
Swain how short is beauty's bloom,
Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the Poets eyes!